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Lupeta  
and  
Other Poems  
By Florence Parker



Lupeta

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Poems

by

Florence Parker

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Salt Lake City, Utah



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no 1.

LOVE is the harmony of hills and plains,  
Of sunset's glow, of dew time and the  
night.

It is the silver chain that links  
The countless stars and binds each in its course.  
Love is the subtle sympathies that holds  
Two souls in unison of perfect thought.  
It is a music ever soft and low  
That stirs reverberant echoes of the heart  
And thrills the vastness of eternity.



To  
F. E. P.





## LUPETA.

HERS is the beauty of the Southern night,  
Of warm rich shadows, mystic olive  
shade,

With grace that wakes the soul to sweet de-  
lights

Enamored with the beauty God has made,  
When beauty is so pure.

Hers are the eyes that wake the mind to dreams;

Hers the voice that floats down the glen,

Borne on the winds and found in meadow  
streams,

A voice of music which the ears of men  
Drink in rapturous silence.

Hers is the soul, an iridescent gem

Where strange lights flash and falter, fade  
and gleam;

A priceless jewel in a diadem,

Which once was fashioned from the things  
that seem

Into the things that are.

She seems a sacred star that dwells apart

That ever draws me on to my Ideal;

And some day she must know that in my heart

I've built a shrine for her at which I kneel

A silent worshipper.



## L'MOUR.

SWEETHEART, know thou all the world is  
love?

Lift up thine eyes unto the pale star light;  
There all the spheres within the blue of night  
Are but the lovers with the Great Above.

Dear one, listen, Love walks O so light,  
And steals a-tip-toe 'mongst the willow trees,  
And breathes so softly thru the moon-flecked  
leaves

Where dripping dew's are silver in the night.

Fair Soul, think thou how soft-breasted Sea  
Infolds in warm embrace the pearly shells  
Whose murmuring and re-echoing ever tells  
Of corals and the Sea-cave's Mystery.

So here, Sweetheart, within the voice-filled  
night  
I hold thee close with love's pure ecstasy,  
Whose whispering tells in its sweet minstrelsy  
That Love's fair star is ever in our sight.



## FROM THE NORTH.

YOU have seen the north birds fly  
Southward thru the sweep of sky;  
You have marked how swift their flight  
Back to isles of their delight.  
Such are my thoughts that fly to thee  
Across the stretch of snow and sea.

You have viewed this lonely place,  
This silent world of snow and waste,  
The dull drear sky, the mute despair  
Of ice fields stretching everywhere.  
Such is my lonely soul's distress  
Imprisoned with its silentness.

You have seen the surging sea  
Tossed by storms and furiously  
Rage unchecked against the wall  
And struggling rise, defeated fall.  
Such are the storms of my remorse  
And life that falls back in its course.

O Love of Mine! in Southern strands  
Would you but stretch me your white hands  
And whisper what your eyes express  
To break this awful silentness—  
No barriers of snow and sea  
Could hold me then, O Love, from thee.



## SERENADE.

THE Night may stoop and hold thee close  
Within his warm embrace;  
The moon may climb the balustrade  
To kiss thy sleeping face;  
Sea winds may murmur round thy couch  
To woo thee drowsily,  
But Night, moonbeams and soft sea winds  
But bring my love to thee—  
But bring my love to thee.

The tall trees rustle their soft skirts  
Like fairies in thy dreams,  
I bid them still and wake thee not  
Until the morning beams,  
And then, Idalia, rise,  
And with the flowers lift thine eyes  
Unto the morning skies—  
Unto the morning skies.

The stars within the night heaven's blue  
With me their vigils keep,  
And ever tell with their bright eyes  
I love thee, love thee, Sweet.  
Within the nodding night  
The lark awaits the morn;  
Idalia, my life, my love,  
For thee the dawn is born;  
So when Aurora beams  
Awake thy slumberings  
I bid thee rise, arise,  
For Morning with her tinted skies  
Will greet thee with a glad surprise,  
Arise, Idalia, arise—  
Arise, Idalia, arise.





## SPRING.

**I** SEE abudding new the bare brown trees;  
I hear once more the robin near the  
pane;

I feel the thrilling of the warming breeze  
And I do know that Spring is here again.

You ask me, Sweet, to wander out with you  
To where the hills are blooming with the  
May;

You'll pluck for me the tiny flow'rets new,  
And your small hand will lead me where I  
stray.

I've watched the Summer, seen the Autumn's  
gold,

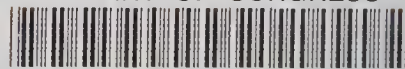
The falling snow, the coming of the lark;  
But what care I if I have grown so old  
I have you, Sweet, and Spring within my  
heart.







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